

A Warrior Undefeatable

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A Warrior Undefeatable

Drawing on the demonic aura he had once absorbed, Jared disguised himself as a Demonic Cultivator. With Aurelius and Artemis flanking him, he strode toward [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT find♦no](#)

the gate.

The gate guards studied them, sniffing for treachery. Seeing only a rolling demonic aura, they grunted and stepped aside.

Inside, the devastation was worse. Empty streets echoed. Swaggering Demonic Cultivators walked past. The shops on the roadside were closed. Some windows and doors of the shop were smashed. The inside was empty.

They crept along the deserted avenue until a colossal palace emerged. The

palace was once the city lord's mansion. Now, Malevolent Path Hall had occupied

the place.

Dozens of Demonic Cultivators holding demonic blades guarded the palace entrance, eyeing the surroundings.

"The cultivators they had captured earlier must be locked up inside." Jared's voice fell to a hush, yet the conviction in it sharpened like steel.

Meanwhile, a Demonic Cultivator stepped through the palace doors, holding a name list and said, "By order of the Soul Devourer, all captives seized today are to be herded to the rear altar. The ritual begins at once."

The black-armored guards saluted, then turned on their heels and marched toward the holding cells, torches snapping in the night air.

Jared, Artemis, and Aurelius traded a single, urgent glance. No words were needed. They slipped after the escort.

Down a stone corridor, they crept until the stink of damp straw and iron chains announced the dungeon. From within came the choked mix of sobs and curses from the cultivators.

A gate groaned open. Guards prodded every weakened cultivator into a shuffling line, forcing them toward the courtyard beyond.

Jared's trio blended in among the guards, their heads bowed, their eyes alert, as they mapped the surroundings.

The courtyard had a massive altar. It was carved with creepy runes. The runes were flashing with black light. Malevolent aura filled the air.

A few cultivators from the Malevolent Path Hall surrounded the altar. They held a talisman and mumbled to themselves, preparing a ritual.

"This is bad," Aurelius hissed, panic flaring across his gaze. "They're starting the ritual!"

Jared inhaled, steadying his pulse, then flicked a quick signal. Artemis and Aurelius nodded. Three hands moved as one.

A sunburst of gold sword energy, a surge of violet spiritual energy, and a lance of pure white radiance exploded outward, scything through the Malevolent Path Hall cultivators.

Caught unaware, the Demonic Cultivators collapsed like wheat before a storm, their cries snuffed.

The other cultivators surged toward Jared and the others. The black demonic aura rolled toward them.

"Move! Get the prisoners clear!"

Jared shouted, parrying a clawed

gauntlet while his shield of

golden

light flared brighter. He never stopped moving, carving a path between terrified captives and the open gates. s

Freed cultivators seized their chance, sprinting for the city wall, shackles clanging

against cobblestones as they fled toward dawn.

A towering Demonic Cultivator

commander, eyes blazing crimson, charged from the altar. A black spear whistled in his hands.. "Intruders You die tonight!" he roared, hurling a torrent of railing demonic aura straight at Jared. Content belongs to s

Jared answered with every ounce of Draconian bloodline he possessed. Golden spiritual energy erupted around him, knitting a radiant shield that met the spear's onslaught head-on.

Impact thundered like a mountain splitting. Shockwaves cratered the courtyard floor, flinging debris and sparks high into the sky.

Artemis and Aurelius darted forward, blades raised, intent on slipping into the maelstrom to aid Jared.

"No! Get the others out!" Jared barked over the fight, eyes never leaving his foe. "This worthless trash is mine!"

Jared wanted Aurelius and Artemis to rescue the cultivators.

Aurelius and Artemis shared a glance then followed Jared's orders.

Jared himself now stood alone on the broken plaza. He was only an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Two, yet he faced a demon general at terrifying Level Nine. Yet, it was not a problem for him.

"You're just an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Two. How dare you act so arrogantly?" the demon general roared, voice scraping across the ruins.

He lunged, spear arcing forward in a vicious comet of dark light.

"A worthless trash," Jared muttered, contempt curling his lip.

The Dragonslayer Sword flashed. One effortless swing, and the blade's gale howled like a storm. The demon general was hurled back a hundred paces, blood spilling from nose and mouth before his boots ever scraped the ground. s

"You-" The word fractured in his throat, terror overriding fury.

For the first time, the demon general realized the man before him was powerful.

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"Brat! Enjoy your bravado! The Soul Devourer will flay you all!" the demon general spat, hatred burning through his panic.

He shot Jared a murderous glare, then pivoted, desperate to flee.

"Running? Not today!" Jared growled.

He poured every drop of spiritual energy into the Dragonslayer Sword. Golden sword energy coiled outward, forming a colossal dragon that streaked after the fleeing demon general, jaws wide and incandescent.

The demon general tried to dodge, but the sword energy tore straight through him. Armor, flesh, and malice split apart in one breath.

He collapsed with a final, choking scream, life and spite fading into the dust.

Jared sheathed the sword and strode toward the city gate without a backward glance.

Meanwhile, Artemis, Aurelius, and the disciples of the Herb Sect had already wiped out the remaining Demonic Cultivators. Grateful survivors hurried forward, their relief visible even through grime and blood.

"Save your thanks," Jared told them, voice firm yet gentle. "Guarding level six is everyone's duty. Danger still stalks every road. If you wish to live, join us in marching. We'll find more allies and break Soul Devourer's choke-hold together."

Heads nodded. In a world this shattered, unity was the sole currency worth anything. If they survived, they could retrieve level six.

The group moved on. At each scorched crossroads, more lone cultivators joined, until the column stretched far down the road.

Every mile revealed new horrors-ruined shrines, burned villages, bones left to bleach beneath a wounded sky-reminders that hope was fragile, survival rarer still.

By dusk, they reached a valley once home to the beast race.

Now the valley lay in ruin. The beast race cultivator's corpses littered the rocks-some split wide, others gnawed to gleaming bone.

After burying the corpses, the cultivators continued to find Infinides and Yuliana.

They followed the previously agreed route, traversing every corner of level six, experiencing countless battles, slaying numerous Demonic Cultivators, and witnessing myriad tragedies.

Later, they arrived at the foot of a snow-capped mountain, where snow accumulated year-round and the climate was bitterly cold.

The deeper they ventured into the snow mountain, the colder the climate became, and the demonice aura in the air grew significantly thinner After walking for about half an hour, they spotted a hidden cave. Jared signaled for everyone to stop, and he cautiously approached the cave. s

Inside, a worried voice floated out. "Mr. Flaxseed, do you think Jared might k have run into trouble? It's

been so long, and not a single word Official source is find[N]o

has reached us s

The voice belonged to Yuliana. She had asked Flaxseed because everyone knew how closely he tagged after Jared.

Yuliana was very worried about Jared. Since she had intimacy with him, she belonged to him.

She decided if Jared returned safely, she would give herself to him.

Flaxseed answered in his usual gruff murmur. "He'll be fine. He's tough and has the Draconian bloodline. Don't worry."

Outside the cave, Jared's heart leapt. He recognized Flaxseed and Yuliana's voices.

He stepped into the dim glow of the cavern. "Flaxseed, Yuliana, I'm home!" Heads snapped toward the entrance. Hope ignited into disbelief, then into pure roaring joy as Jared stood before them.

Flaxseed was first to move, barreling forward and wrapping Jared in a bear hug. "Boy, you scared ten years off me! We thought you were in trouble."

Yuliana moved next, eyes bright, breath quick. "Thank the heavens! You're safe. Are you hurt anywhere?"

"Hurt?" Jared leaned close enough for his breath to tickle the shell of her ear. "I haven't finished tasting you yet.

Color rushed into Yuliana's cheeks, but she lifted her chin and whispered, "As long as you're breathing, you may taste whatever you like."

Behind them, the rest of the party-Artemis, Aurelius, and the others filled into the cavern, stamping snow from their boots and filling the space with the muffled clang of armor and relieved laughter. s

"King Aurelius, you're alive?"

Yuliana's head whipped around. Only now did she notice Aurelius' presence.

She thought the Soul Devourer had killed Aurelius.

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Chapter 5433

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Chapter 5434

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"Are you ready?" Aurelius asked, his voice clipped and urgent.

Everyone answered with a silent nod. Aurelius' chest expanded. Then, with a thunderous bark, he shouted, "Move!"

Purple spiritual energy surged from Artemis, colliding with Aurelius's blinding white spiritual energy. The two currents braided together, soaring outward to form a mountainous shield that slammed into the void ahead.

The moment the shield met the void, there was a hissing sound. Fresh chapters posted on Find1No

Infinides whipped a wooden sword from his sleeve. Words tumbled from his lips. Runes flowed out from his lips and infused the spiritual energy shield.

Light detonated across the shield. The Heavenly Law around them sagged.

"Jared, now!" Aurelius roared, every vein in his throat standing stark beneath the strain.

Jared answered with action. He poured every shred of spiritual energy into the Dragonslayer Sword until the blade howled like a caged beast.

Golden sword energy geysered into the clouds as he hacked downward, cleaving at the void.

Boom!

The void was torn open. A ragged black passage appeared before them.

Violet lightning slithered around the rent, each arc carrying the cold aura of the Heavenly Law sharp enough to slice bone.

"Go!" Artemis screamed, her voice frayed, her core already flickering from the drain.

She, Aurelius, and Infinides were ghost-pale, sweat freezing on skin, muscles shaking as they fought to keep the shield from collapsing into shards.

Jared spared them no delay. One breath, one leap, and the darkness swallowed him whole.

The instant he entered the passage, the spiritual energy shield behind him imploded. Heavenly Law, furious and unbound, surged after him.

"No! The Heavenly Law is lashing back!" Aurelius cried.

Aurelius was horrified and wanted to rush forward to help, but Infinides stopped him.

"It's no use. This is the Heavenly Law's punishment for those who break the boundary. Outsiders can't intervene. He can only rely on himself," Infinide sighed, his eyes filled with worry.

Inside the passage, Jared was trapped in agony. Violet shards of Heavenly Law flew at him like a cloud of blades, each edge keen enough to flay both flesh and soul.

His skin split in a thousand places. Blood streamed down his body, only to vanish into the passage's darkness.

"Aaah!" The cry tore from his throat, raw and ragged, while the meridians inside him quivered as if stretched to snapping.

He felt his cultivation deteriorating, as the merciless power of the law gnawed away the very roots of his soul.

"No... I will not surrender now."

Jared gritted his teeth, recalling the tragic state of level six, the sacrifice of Rylan, and the expectations of

Yuliana, Aurelius, and others. Honel

took out the Focus Pill given to him

by Yuliana from his

And put it into his mouth.

The pill dissolved instantly upon entering his mouth, and a cool, refreshing power surged through his entire body, protecting his soul and sharpening his consciousness.

Enduring the pain, he circulated the remaining spiritual energy in his body while activating the power of his Draconian bloodline.

The golden power of his bloodline formed a faint protective shield around him. Though it couldn't fully block the attack of the Heavenly Law's power, it slightly alleviated some of the pain.

Yet the Heavenly Law's wrath in the passage only swelled. Jared's flesh became a blur of blood and exposed bone. His fingers could scarcely cling to the Dragonslayer Sword. Blackness seeped into the edges of his vision, and consciousness wavered like a candle in a gale.

"The Celestial King Palace... I must reach the Celestial King Palace..." With a final, ragged breath, he hurled himself toward the faint glimmer at the passage's

end. There was a light flickering at the end. It was level eight.

Just as he was about to reach the end of the passage, a more powerful force of the Heavenly Law suddenly struck, striking him in the chest. Jared spat out a mouthful of blood, his body lying toward the end of the passage like a kite with a broken

string.

His consciousness completely blurred, and his body crashed heavily onto a patch of grass. The Dragonslayer Sword slipped from his hand, embedding itself in the soil nearby. After an unknown amount of time, Jared slowly opened his eyes.

He found himself lying on an unfamiliar grassland, with a light blue sky overhead and the air filled with rich spiritual energy, starkly contrasting the demonic aura on level six.

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"So... this is level eight?" The words rasped from Jared's throat.

Pain crashed back into him the instant he tried to sit. Agony spiraled out from ragged wounds, dragging a snarl across his face. He glanced down. Blood still seeped through torn robes, and the intricate channels of his meridians felt shredded. His spiritual energy had deteriorated. Even holding on to the Earthly Immortal Realm Level One was a battle.

Yet a wry smile tugged at his lips. "Luckily, I made it to level eight..." Jared let out a breath of relief.

He reached for the Dragonslayer Sword lying beside him. His fingers twitched, then fell. All he could do was lie back, lungs heaving, letting the meadow's cool scent keep him conscious.

He knew it was not the time to be relaxed.

Although Jared had reached level eight, he still did not know where the Celestial King Palace was. Moreover, in his current condition, if he encountered cultivators or dangers, he would have no strength to resist. The link to the origin of this information rests in Find~No

"I need to heal my body and find the Celestial King Palace."

Jared closed his eyes and began circulating the remaining spiritual energy in his body, slowly repairing his damaged meridians. The spiritual energy in level eight was vibrant, greatly aiding his recovery. Even so, it would take some time to return to his peak condition.

Suddenly, footsteps broke the hush. Jared's eyes snapped open. Every muscle screamed, but he levered his head toward the sound, heart pounding like a drum.

A squad of cultivators in burnished gold armor strode across the grass. Holy aura curled off them in silent waves, long spears gleaming, eyes sharp. They were unquestionably cultivators of level eight.

The leader of the group halted one stride from Jared. He stared at Jared warily and asked, "Who are you, and why do you lie bleeding on our plain?"

Jared knew they were the first people he met on level eight. They were his hope to locate the Celestial King Palace.

"I... I come from level six," he forced out, each word lanced with pain. "I'm searching for the Celestial King Palace. Can any of you tell me where it stands?"

The leader's gaze sharpened to a

blade. "Level six is drowned in a demonic aura. Nothing escapes that hell yet here you are, half dead and reeking of chaos. Are you a spy from the Demonic Cultivator, perhaps?" the leader asked while pointing his spear toward Jared.

The rest of the Golden Armor Guards surrounded Jared. Pointing their spears toward his vital parts, while their holy spiritual energy aimed at his aura.

Jared endured the excruciating pain and lifted his hand, showing the gold markings of the Draconian bloodline.

"I'm Jared Chance. I came here to seek help. The Demonic Cultivators are slaying the people on level six. The cultivators in Celestia almost perished. Only the Celestial King Palace can save level six."

The golden markings shimmered with a warm luster under the sunlight, faintly resonating with the sacred spiritual energy of level eight.

Seeing this, the Golden Armor Guards slightly eased their vigilance. The pure and righteous aura of the Draconian bloodline was something Demonic Cultivators could never fake. Moreover, though Jared was gravely injured and on the brink of death, his eyes remained clear and resolute, devoid of any evil energy.

The leader of Golden Armor Guards lowered his voice. "Report to the palace that

a cultivator from level six came here gravely injured. He has the Draconian bloodline and wants to meet Ms. Dusko. Watch over him. If he strikes, capture him!"

One guard answered with a sharp salute, then burst into a ribbon of gold light that streaked toward the distant spires.

The others lifted their spears, but still vigilant. One of them gave Jared a pill and said, "This is the Spiritual Pill. It can heal some of your injuries. You need to wait for Ms. Dusko's permission to meet her."

Jared nodded in gratitude. His fingers shook as he tipped the pill past cracked lips. It dissolved like spring water, releasing a cool spiritual energy that coursed down his throat and pooled gently around shattered meridians. The wounds did not heal, yet the tide of pain— withdrew just enough for breath to flow again.

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An hour crawled by before the sky split with thunder. One of the Golden Armor Guards descended, flanked by two newcomers whose power rolled ahead of them.

Foremost stood a man in silver armor, a badge on his belt etched with the sigil "Celestial King Palace." He was the commander of the Golden Armor Guards.

"Ms. Dusko summons him to enter the palace."

The silver-armored commander's voice was low as his gaze swept over Jared's injuries, a trace of astonishment flashing in his eyes. To withstand the backlash of the Heavenly Law across two realms with only an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Two cultivation and still survive—such resilience was truly rare.

Two Golden Armor Guards stepped forward, cautiously supporting Jared by his arms and helping him onto a flight device. The flight device transformed into a streak of golden light, speeding toward the horizon.

Jared looked down and saw the grassland below spreading out like a green velvet blanket, with rolling mountains in the distance. The celestial energy was so dense it almost seemed tangible, a world apart from the lifeless darkness of level six. After flying for about two hours, the outline of a magnificent palace gradually emerged from the swirling clouds and mist ahead.

The palace was entirely constructed of white jade, its roof covered with golden glazed tiles that shimmered brilliantly under the sunlight. Countless sacred runes flowed across the palace walls, emanating a majestic aura that suppressed all things.

Surrounding the palace were nine golden pillars of light, piercing straight into the clouds, with Golden Armor Guards faintly visible patrolling among them, their presence imposing and formidable.

"That is the Celestial King Palace."

The Golden Armor Guard beside Jared said with pride, "Since the Ancient Celestial War, the Celestial King Palace is the holy site of level eight. Four people ruled the palace, guarding the legacy."

The flight device settled onto a marble plaza. At its heart towered a statue draped in imperial robes, scepter raised, stone eyes judging every mortal beneath. It was the ancestor of the Celestial King Palace.

Jared's escorts led him past it. Each white-jade flagstone was etched with runes that breathed gentle warmth into his battered flesh, easing the throb of wounds.

Layer upon layer of gilded doors yielded until they halted before Mindful Hall.

A woman stood before the palace doors. The commander of Golden Armor Guards stopped before her and bowed. "Ms. Yeats, I have brought Jared Chance from level six. Please report to Ms. Dusko."

When Jared saw Isabel, he was delighted since they had met each other before. Moreover, Isabel had saved him once.

He flashed a boyish grin and tipped his head in greeting. "Ms. Yeats, it's been far too long. I hope life has treated you kindly."

Isabel stopped in mid-stride, her pale

sleeves whispering against one

another as she turned. Surprise

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flickered across her delicate features. "Your cultivation progresses at a frightening speed Jared. You're already standing at the Earthly Immortal Realm Level Two." s

Jared waved a hand. "Compared with any of you, my cultivation is hardly worth a second glance."

Isabel's smile deepened, knowing and warm. "Save the modesty. Ms. Dusko hears every tale that carries your name."

She was hinting that Onneas had been watching Jared's every move.

Jared's shoulders sagged for the briefest instant before he managed a chuckle. There would be no keeping secrets here.

From deep inside the palace, a woman's voice rang out, soft yet edged with an authority that tolerated no delay. "Send him in." Chapters first released on find[N]o

At a flick of Isabel's wrist, the commander withdrew. She then guided Jared forward.

The interior of the grand hall was extremely spacious, with a white jade throne placed on a high platform at the center. Seated on the throne was a woman dressed in a light azure palace robe, appearing to be in her early twenties.

Her skin was as fair as snow, her features exquisite, and a faint azure spiritual light swirled around her. Though she exuded no trace of oppressive aura she inspired instinctive sense of awe. She was Onneas Dusko, one of the four rulers of the Celestial King Palace. s

Onneas fixed Jared with a gaze both curious and wary, her elegant brows knitting together. The longer she studied him, the deeper the question darkened in her eyes.

She lifted one slim hand. A ribbon of cool azure spiritual energy unfurled, draping Jared from head to toe. A heartbeat later, it retracted into her palm. Half the meridians in your body are shattered, and the Heavenly Law scars your diving sold, What remains of your cultivation is

at the Earthly Immortal Realm Level One."

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"With wounds like that," Onneas continued, voice dropping to a thoughtful murmur, "how did you tear through the barrier between level six and level eight? A Human Immortal cultivator might survive such a leap only with a magical item. Even then, death waits behind every veil."

Jared straightened and bowed toward Onneas. "Ms. Dusko, I did not take the risk for glory. Level six stands on the cliff's edge. The Soul Devourer stole the Ritual Manual, unleashed one hundred thousand demonic souls, and drowned the realm in blood. Celestia's cultivators lie in ruin, the beast race faces extinction, and common folk are butchered."

"If I didn't come here, level six's people would perish."

Onneas tilted her head and asked, "So you hurled yourself into oblivion to persuade me to save level six?"

"Exactly." Jared dipped into a aching bow, then lifted his eyes, fierce with urgency. "I beg you, Ms. Dusko. Please strike down the Soul Devourer and give level six a chance to breathe again."

"Why should their fate concern me? I share no blood with the cultivators on level six," Onneas smirked.

Jared blinked and said, "Ms. Dusko, you are a celestial, so are the cultivators of Celestia on level six. You can't let the demonic souls kill your people."

"Hahaha!" Onneas's laughter rippled through the airy hall, bright and unrestrained.

"We have billions of celestials. Although the cultivators in Celestia are related to me, they are strangers. The Celestial Palace and Celestia are just a small part of the celestials. Why should I risk my life to save them?"

Jared opened his mouth, then closed it again. Words drifted away before they could form. He had never expected Onneas to answer so bluntly. Content originally comes from findno

Onneas noticed the hush that settled over him and waved it aside. "Enough of that. Eat first. We can talk while we chew."

With a flick of her silken sleeve, Onneas signaled Isabel. Servants filed in, serving many dishes.

Jared noticed the dishes used high-level mystical herbs. The dishes were very beneficial to him.

He did not refuse the meal and sat down to eat. His body needed recovery.

Onneas watched his eager appetite and allowed herself a satisfied smile. Clearly, the feast had been arranged for him all along.

"Tell me," she asked after a moment, her voice low and measured, "do you have any idea how fearsome the Soul Devourer truly was before he was suppressed?"

"I'm guessing... terrifying beyond measure." Jared shook his head.

Jared knew that the Soul Devourer, despite being suppressed for ten thousand years and existing only a soul, still possessed terrifying strength. The Soul Devourer was at the Human Immortal Realm, so powerful that even Aurelius was no match.

One could only imagine how formidable the Soul Devourer must have been

before being suppressed, when he still had a physical body.

Onneas tapped a thoughtful rhythm on the white-jade tabletop, her gaze sliding toward the sea of cloud outside the colonnade.

She began to tell Jared about the Soul Devourer's past.

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"Terrifying scarcely covers it. The Soul Devourer was no native of level eight or level six. He once ruled the level nine as a high demon lord. He was known as the Scorching Demonic Soul Devourer. In ancient times, half of level nine belonged to him."

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Jared stopped while eating his dish. The Spiritual Pith Fruit almost choked him.

A demon lord in level nine?

Jared did not know the cultivation level for level.nine, but he knew the higher the level, the more powerful the cultivator was. Cultivators at the Human Immortal Realm on level eight were invincible on level six. As for a Demonte Cultivator who ruled level nine, his power was

unfathomable. s

"Level nine... a high-level Demonic Cultivator..." Jared set his cutlery aside, voice trembling. "How did someone like that wind up suppressed inside the Roaring Storm Church on level six? No one could have defeated him."

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Onneas lifted the jade cup from the table, took a sip of spirit tea, and continued, "This brings us to the ancient Celestial Battle."

"Back then, Soul Devourer had mastered the Scorching Soul Devouring Technique to perfection, capable of devouring divine souls and refining celestial essence. He slaughtered nearly thirty percent of the cultivators from other races in level nine."

"He even dared to covet the power of higher dimensions, stirring up a storm of blood and chaos in level nine, and even severely injuring the Celestial King at that time."

"Later, the seven major forces of level nine joined hands, assembling a hundred heavenly immortals and a thousand peak Human Immortal cultivators to confront him in the Immortal Abyss."

"That battle raged for a full three years, shattering the dimension barriers of the Immortal Abyss in over a hundred places. Four of the seven big sect leaders perished, and more than half of the heavenly immortals fell, only then managing to wound Soul Devourer's physical body severely. Even so, his divine soul remained formidable, and despite the seven big sect leaders exhausting their final celestial power, they were unable to annihilate it."

At this point, Onneas' expression grew more solemn. "As long as the divine soul remains intact, there's a chance for him to return. To eliminate this threat forever, the three remaining sect leaders sacrificed their nascence to set up the Nonet Soul Sealing Array, forcibly separating Soul Devourer's divine soul and suppressing it in level six's Roaring Storm Church, where the realm's barrier is weakest. They also enlisted several top charm masters from level nine to inscribe celestial charms on a bell."

"This bell, known as the Roaring Storm Bell, was inscribed with charms capable of suppressing the Soul Devourer. They originally thought that the scarce celestial energy in level six, combined with the array's suppression, would eventually erode his soul completely. However, they never expected that after ten thousand years,

the Roaring Storm Bell would be stolen. Therefore, Soul Devourer broke through the seal, and even his subordinates remained unextinguished after all that time."

Jared felt a chill settle behind his sternum. No wonder the Soul Devourer could wield the power of the Human Immortal Realm in soul form. He had once traded blows with the leaders of level nine.

Jared thought of the Vermilion Demon Lord, another terror born of level nine, and wished he could confirm Onneas' tale.

However, Vermilion Demon Lord was silent. Jared could not contact him.

Even though Jared used his spiritual sense to search his consciousness field, he could not find Vermilion Demon Lord.

"So the real reason you refuse to rescue the cultivators of level six is fear. You know you can't beat the Soul Devourer, don't you?" Jared asked, eyes narrowing.

"Are you trying to goad me?" Onneas laughed, the sound bright as chimes over distant thunder. "That trick won't work on me. You've reached level eight. Heal here and train here. Only the strength you forge yourself ever matters. Those strangers on level six are nothing to you. Why squander your life on them?"

Jared's expression turned grim. Infinides came from level six and had saved his life. Plus, Infinides was Catalina's mentor.

Moreover, Jared had friends such as Artemis, Flaxseed, and Yuliana.

How could Jared let them die while he stayed on level eight?

"If you won't help them, then I'll leave. Even if it kills me, I'm returning to level." Jared stood up and left. The rightful source is [Find_Novel\(.\)net](#)

He rose, but Onneas flicked her

wrist. A

out of translucent wall bloomed

out of empty air and blocked the doorway. Jared hurled fist and ayra alike, yet the barrier did not ripple.

"So eager to rush back. Does level six shelter someone you can't bear to lose? Is it because you have slept with the three hundred disciples from the Herb Sect? Or is it Yulana from Celestia? Since you kissed her,

she's your woman. You want to

return because of them, right?"

Onneas asked.

Jared's shoulders jolted, and a rush of heat painted his cheeks crimson. "W-were you... spying on me?"

Onneas' laugh chimed through the quiet hall, light and teasing. "Spying? Hardly. I was only gathering a bit of information. I hadn't expected you to be that vigorous."

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The blush on Jared's face darkened, climbing from rose to a deep scarlet.

Being caught sleeping with the disciples from the Herb Sect was nothing, since it was strictly business. He did it to cultivate. Yet that was not what mortified him.

What mortified him was kissing Yuliana.

Onneas saw the new shade of red and her smile bloomed even brighter. This text is hosted at Find~No

"You should stay and rest in the Celestial King Palace. If you're looking for a woman, Isabel can keep you company. She's still a virgin," Onneas suggested.

Isabel's head snapped down, cheeks flaming a soft rose. She glanced at Jared. Judging from that look, Isabel had witnessed his vigor as well.

"No," Jared said, shaking his head. "The people of level six are waiting. I can't abandon them."

He turned to leave.

"With your current condition, you can't even cross the void passage, let alone save them. Take your time to recover. If you could block my attack, I'll agree to visit level six," Onneas said.

The firmness in her promise finally broke through. Jared exhaled, nodded once, and allowed himself to stay in the Celestial King Palace.

The Meditation Chamber of the Celestial King Palace brimmed with spiritual energy so dense it seemed to swirl in visible currents. Glacial jade marrow paved the floor, soothing the soul. In every corner, dragon-oil incense spiraled upward, steadying thought and breath.

Seated cross-legged upon a jade platform, Jared absorbed the healing pills Onneas had provided. Spiritual energy flowed through his damaged meridians, merging with the pure spiritual energy on level eight that flooded the chamber. Bruised flesh re-knit, torn channels mended, and power gathered with a speed that bordered on the miraculous.

Three days slipped by quickly.

At dawn's first ray, gold sunlight spilled through the lattice windows. Jared's eyes flew open. Dragon runes flickered in his irises, then vanished.

His meridians were mended, his Draconian bloodline more refined than before. His cultivation had returned to Earthly Immortal Realm Level Two and already pressed toward Level Three.

He rose and wrapped his fingers around the Dragonslayer Sword. Gold light rippled along the blade, resonating perfectly with the breath humming inside his chest.

"Not a slow recovery," Onneas remarked.

She leaned against the doorframe, still in a pale cyan palace robe, idly twirling a fresh-green branch between her fingers. Amusement danced in her gaze.

Isabel hovered a step behind her. When she saw Jared emerge with a healed body, a flash of relief and delight rippled through her eyes.

Jared tightened his grip around the Dragonslayer Sword and bowed to Onneas. "Ms. Dusko, thank you for the resources you granted me. I am ready."

Onneas let a small, knowing smile

curve across her lips. She a

the open courtyard outside

Meditation Chamber Let us begin.. If your sword can hurt me you win

She raised a bare branch across her body, yet the air bent around her as though recognizing an unspoken authority.

Jared drew a steady breath. Power surged from his core into the Dragonslayer Sword, and a golden sword energy stretched one meter. "Ms. Dusko, guard yourself!"

The warning had barely left his mouth when his body vanished. He then reappeared as a streak of light that hammered toward Onneas shoulder in a single decisive slash.

His strike cracked like lightning, but Onneas only tilted her frame. The branch tapped the sword lightly.

A crystalline sound rang out. A gentle yet tyrannical force flooded up Jared's arm. His fingers went numb, and the Dragonslayer Sword almost tore free of his grasp.

Borrowing that rebuff, he skidded back several paces across the flagstones, awe tightening his chest. Onneas' speed had blurred beyond the limits of his sight.

Before balance returned, he lunged again. His sword moved like a dragon soaring or a snake slithering.

No matter the ferocity, Onneas met every stroke with that fragile branch. She floated like willow, fluff, always a finger width away. Not once did his sword edge brush a single thread of her robe.

"Too slow. Your strength is not concentrated."

Her tone held faint instruction. The branch flicked. The Dragonslayer Sword spun off to the side again. "Use the Draconian bloodline. You have not drawn on its might."